

Cry, cry by femmesteve

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Summary:

Billy grinned hard, “That’s right, bitch,” He hissed, “Come to daddy.”

Cry, cry

Author's Note:

UH I love this trope?
Hmu on Tumblr: @FemmeSteve
Send me anon hate.
Or prompts.

Steve was fuming, warm color creeping into his face as he glared at Billy's pleased expression. He hated when Billy pissed him off on purpose. It made him want to sock the blond in the jaw and leave it at that. He never did, though. He was too afraid that what happened last time would happen again. He threw the first punch, and he paid for it. Billy was terrifying sometimes. He had so much pent up anger, and every petty jab and insult was meant to rile Steve up. Get him to snap so that Billy finally had a reason to release some of that anger.

Billy looked smug, sly tongue passing over his teeth as he watched and waited. Taunted with his eyes. Practically begging for Steve to touch him. He needed it so bad. It would feel so good to hit that pretty face again. Hear Steve yell out over the sick sound of bone hitting bone. Delicious.

Billy could feel his cock twitch inside of his jeans at the thought. Steve looked like a bull ready to charge, and Billy could see the gears turning in his head. He was wondering if he could do it. If he could win. Get away with it. Billy felt his fingers twitch at his sides.

"You look like you're about to piss yourself, Steve," Billy said, "Shakin' like a leaf over there in them chucks, huh?"

"So now you're making fun of my shoes?" Steve responded dryly, feeling some of the anger melt away in response to the stupid comment.

Billy furrowed his eyebrows, "Fuck your shoes! You're changing the subject. You're scared of me, you little pussy!" He yelled, desperate to get Steve back to that point, "You're standing ten feet away from me!"

“I’m not going to fight you! I don’t even know what the fuck your problem is!” Steve yelled back, feeling the back of his neck beginning to sweat. This was so childish. How could he still resent Billy so much? Why was he able to piss him off so easily?! He glanced at his feet. He was standing really far away from him.

“You’re a bitch! You’re scared I’ll beat the shit out of you again!” Billy hissed. He was salivating. He was ready.

“I CAN’T FUCKING STAND YOU!” Steve screamed, feeling like a billion strings were just cut and he was loose. His feet moved without his brain’s permission and he was running, teeth ground so tight that it hurt.

Billy grinned hard, “That’s right, bitch,” He hissed, “Come to daddy.”

Steve tackled Billy, not realizing that his mouth hit Billy’s chin in the impact until he tasted blood. Billy was laughing, almost shrieking as Steve came down on him, punching him in the face through tears of sheer anger. He looked so cute. Sobbing and screaming through his teeth, blood sliding down his chin. He had gotten enough hits in.

Billy could see it in his eyes when Steve realized. The panicked scramble to get away, cut short by a death grip on his forearms. His back hit the hard dirt hard, and he immediately started protesting. Squirming like he was terrified, arms jerking as he tried to get them free, to hold over his face. Too scared to realize how hard Billy was. How he was rutting against Steve, panting through split lips. Teeth red as he grinned.

“Cry for me, Stevie,” Billy mocked, voice high pitched and whiny, “Cry, cry, cry,” He grinned again, “You’re dead, you fucking bitch.”